

1.In the great absence

A vacant life
An absence of “You”
To narrate the possibility is impossible
“You” basically a silhouette
Made out of loneliness
“You” basically a silhouette
An ideal composite feature
Is perfection contradicted with life?
Or life itself is too absurd to love or to be loved
A vacant life
An absence of “You”
I missed “You”
I really missed “You”

2.How to be non-fatalist

Show me your colours
Show me your true colours
Is it black, white or grey?
Show me your true colours
I'll show you mine; my favorite colour
Monochromatic shade me
Self-doctrine fatalist
I believe in momentary
All is momentary
This is mistake
An error
I saw them dancing in pale skin and grey hair
On the brink of non-existent
They celebrated life
This is a celebration

3. Intrigue tales of loneliness and confession

In recurring themes
Emit light, wide eyes
Substance to gives
Ecstasy in the silver screen
Monologues after fatigue dialogue
Striking bright colours
In red and blue
In lack of composure (ALL IN VAIN)
Emit light, wide eyes (ALL IN VAIN)
In lack of composure (ALL IN VAIN)

6.She

She is a poetry incarnate
From her sacred womb to infinite colours realm
She always paint me the perfect hue
She is a poetry incarnate
To cherished
To beholden
To embrace in your loving arms
You are the embodiment of love
Blessed be by mother's milk for I am always your child
You are embodiment of love

5. Melankolia

Atma yang hilang
Ritma halus melayang
Bisik perih disulam perlahan
Melankolia berterus-terusan

6. Infinitely precious

‘Precious’

Bask in light

Cherished these moments

Casual pulsating conversations lead to none

But being in companion are always excite me

Always excite me

Fragments collected

We cherished/carry these moments

Once I'm lost and now I'm found

A glimpse of fire/light flicker

Flicker flicker bright

Infinitely precious

7. I am art critique and your poetry is just pseudo-novella

Exquisite taste of blue-mist I inhale

Black tar tooted deep in my lungs

Love cease to end

Swallow mouthful of spit

I believe love will be constant ephemera

Like a brief whisper, echoes of distant away

Constant ephemera

8.Solemn music playing

Words impregnate vagueness

Cryptic message become too dull

Too poetic lead to path less taken

Too preachy lead to dogmatic sermon

A grand design; yearning to be great

But always ill-fated, is there to wait?

A permanent scar, a fracture soul

The entire spectators stare in cold

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